My L-- V-- B--'s

# REASONS

For Leaving

*Great-Britain.*

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As ſent in Three Letters from *Calais*. The Firſt to *Robin*, the Second to *Simon*, and the Third to B-- *Francis*.

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# THREE LETTERS, &c.

## LETTER I.

OH-- Oh-- Huh, ROBIN, I am quite out of Breath; I did not once look behind me as I fled from *Great Britain*; I was terribly afraid

ſome of my old Servants were upon the Scent after me; I dropt ſeveral Piſtoles as I run, to employ the Scoundrels in picking them up, if I had been purſued; but, thank my Stars, I am ſafe arrived at *Calais*; I will but change my Linen, (for I am in a dreadful Sweat; *Damn the Whigs*) and then I will give you my Reaſons for running away in ſuch Haſte: ----- Well now that's done.

It

It is a deviliſh Thing; I could never have thought it, a *Whigg* Parliament, as they call it; that is, a True ---- but what have I to do with Truth; pardon my Abruptneſs, my Head is a little diſordered, and I am not yet poſitive it is faſt on; but I ſay, this Parliament is the firſt Reaſon for my going; to be ſhort; I believe they will do the Nation Juſtice, and not only vote us Rogues, but puniſh us as ſuch; and if my Fears ſhould prove true,

Wo, Wo, Wo, be to you, and I, and the blind Harper.

My Second Reaſon is; I find every one ſhifting for himſelf; it is probable we ſhall not all hang together; now I hate to be one of a ſmall Company, eſpecially on ſuch an Occaſion; a Pox on it, there was one purblind Companion of ours has ſav'd his Bacon, though he was equally as bad as we, in the main. I am biting my Nails; Oh---

My

My third Reaſon is, I believe *Mat.* will cackle; ſo I ſay, *The Devil take the Hindmoſt.*

I have ſeveral other Reaſons; but I will give you only one more, which is a Clincher, *viz.* If I had ſtaid, I do verily, and BONA FIDE, believe, I ſhould be ha-ha- hang'd, (an ugly Word) as I deſerve; (that's aſide.)

But now, *Robin*, to be ſerious; I wonder what your hypocritical, canting Worſhip Deſigns; you have always been a plaguy,

plaguy, ſly, cloſe Cur, and ſo you remain. It is very ſtrange, I could not have one Hour's Conſultation with you for Four Months laſt paſt. I have been informed from good Hands, that you deſign'd to give us all up to ſave your ſelf; but no more *Greggs*; E, Faith, you have been the Maſter-Devil in all the Villanies we have acted; as for poor *Si.* you know he is blind; and for my ſelf, every Body knows I am a generous, merry, good na-

natur'd Fellow, not a little prone to the Fleſh, and a Bottle. It is true, I was willing to engage in any Roguery, to ſupply my Extravagance; and then who can blame Ambition in a young Man. ---nds, I was within an Ace of being prime Viſier; Oh, *Mahomet*, from what Hopes am I fallen; inſtead of a White Wand, a Bowſtring; Murder, Murder; Help, Help --- but to my ſelf, pray pardon this Digreſſion; I ſay, all that know me muſt needs

needs own, I am a harmleſs Fellow. I for the *Pretender*, hang the *Pretender*; I for a Peace, a Pox take the Peace; it is true, I was for the Peace, and the *Pretender* too; but not out of Love to either of them, but purely for my own Sake; becauſe I ſaw clearly, my Intereſt could be eſtabliſhed no other Way. I own, I would have ſacrificed my Country, Religion, the Proteſtant Succeſſion, and the whole World, rather than have been depriv'd of my Hopes; but

but oh the firſt of *A*--; can any rational Man blame me for this? What is all the World to me? *I* am for *my* ſelf. *I* ſuppoſe, *Bob*, *I* need not Swear to make you believe me; for we were perfectly like-minded. *Robin*, *I* would (though *I* have no great Love for you) have you take care of your ſelf; bruſh in Time; diſguiſe your ſelf, get to your Penſioners in the *Highlands*; put on a Band, and hold forth powerfully. *Robin*, truſt not to your Hypocriſy; the *Whiggs*

know you; they are terrible Fellows; they not only talk of Juſtice, but certainly do it; they know their Country was almoſt ruin'd by us, and have Honeſty and Courage enough to ſearch to the Bottom of our Rogueries; and then, O poor *Bob*, poor *Si*. poor *Si* but, *Robin*, *I* was told juſt before *I* departed, that you was very ſick in *Wales*; Prithee, never puke for the Matter; nay, they ſay, you had four *Presbyterian* and three *Independent* Teachers

ers about your Bed; die hard, *Bob*, for Shame die hard; never feſs one Word more; and, Vale, *I* adviſe you not to come this Way; it will not do, they look upon you to be a very heavy Fellow, no Mettle in you; they do not doubt your being Rogue enough; but you are ſuch a pauſing, conſidering, tedious *Blunderbuſs*, that you ſpoil all. Pox on you, it is along of you that *I* am in theſe deplorable------

*B'y*, Robin, *B'y*, *B'y*, *no Scolding*. I have ſav'd my ſelf.

## LETTER II.

*My Dear SI.*

I took the Rout *concluded* upon at our laſt *Conſultation*; but *I* was in a Panick every Step of the Way; *my* Fear gave me the Spleen, which *I* could not divert till *I* got on this Side the Water. In my melancholy *Journey*, *I* could not but reflect on our paſt Management. *I* grew Childiſh, and began to have

have ſome Qualms of Conſcience, when *I* conſidered what an inglorious uſe we had made of the Advantages obtained by our Arms, how near we had brought a Brave and Free People to Slavery and Deſtruction, how much we had abuſed our Predeceſſors for Acting for the true *Intereſt* of their Country, how we made uſe of the Publick Treaſure to *buy* up *October Casks* all over the Kingdom to reverberate the Sounds we put in at their *Bungholes*: but

ſtay

ſtay *Si.* Am *I* not too grave, *I* believe *I* was thinking of my laſt *Dying Speech*; *I* hope *I* ſhall not add to *your Melancholy*, *I* left *you* horribly hippiſh. Pray, *Si.* take Care of that *ſubtile Rogue Bob*, and follow me as faſt as *you* can; *I* have prepared all things for *your Reception*: You are blind, *Atty* will make a rare *Dog* in a Halter; let him bring *you* off, the *Rogue* knows the Way, he has been *here* lately; beſides, *I* am perſwaded he will be hang'd if he ſtays be-

behind: He is a good-natur'd Cur, he always did as he was bid; I wiſh he does not depend too much upon *Robin*; he will certainly *Gregg* him if it be ſo.

Pray ſpeak to *my* Brother *Hunter*, *William*, he is a mettled Fellow; but put it to him, Bid him not venture too far; he has been as ſad a *Dog* as any of us in his *Way*; if he comes, *I* can procure him the *Poſt-Maſter General*'s Place at *Bar-le-Duc*; *I* was offer'd the *Treaſury* for *my* ſelf, but *they ſay*, there's

there's no Caſh; *I* believe *I* ſhall be content with *my* old Poſt. You are ſafe, no *Body* will ſtand in Competition with *you*; *I* believe *you* had as good not ſpake to *Marrowbone*, he is old, and not worth minding; beſides, he is *plaguy* Covetous; as for the reſt of the *Artillery*, they are *hardly* worth minding; ſome are nailed down, others *good* for nothing, ſo let them reſt. *I* wiſh *you* could bring off *Franck* the *Jeſuit*; *I* ſhall want a *Confeſſor*; but hang him,

*I* believe he is warm, he will not ſtir; but however *try*. *I* long to ſee *you*, *S I*.

Good *By* to *you*.

D LET-

# LETTER III.

*Honeſt FRANCK,*

I Greet you well. Is it not a melancholy Thing, that we, the the Sons of the true Church, ſhould be forced to fly before the uncircumciſed Philiſtines: *Franck*, thou knoweſt my Zeal, and I doubt not but you will endeavour

deavour to retrieve my Affairs. *I* beg of you not to pray for me, but immediately ſend out Orders to all your Sub-Drums, firſt to *Holborn*, and ſo on. *I* am a hopeful, handſome, frolickſome young Man, Pity my Country ſhould loſe me. *I* own I have been wicked; but you was concerned with me; Oh! your long Robe hides a Multitude of Faults; it is a rare Armour. The *Iriſh* Prieſt has forſaken us; he ſays, he has a great Charge of Souls upon his Hands, and cannot attend us. *Franck*, conſider what I have done for the Church; *I* have been one of the moſt forward Rogues alive for it; *I* would have ſold the Nation for it. Indeed, between

Friends, *I* did receive Earneſt; but you know what happened two Months before the Bargain was to be fulfilled.

Pray come away with *Si.* if you can; but ſet all the Bell-wethers a Bawling. Do what Miſchief you can; you know I was always for the Church; it was never out of my Mouth: Pray leave what Teſtimony you can againſt *Robin*, I would fain have him hang'd. I have altered my Mind ſince *I* writ to him; he is a ſad Rogue, and beſides he does not much Bawl for the Church neither. Oh! *Franck*, *I* little thought it would come to this, when *I* got you the Mitre. See what it is for a Man to

to have all his Dependance on an old Woman's Life. The whole Gang of *October Hounds* are silenc'd, the Rogues hang their Ears, and excuse themselves by their Ignorance in State Affairs: *I* allow them to be ignorant enough; but at the same time it is certain they are great Rogues, and both did and would have agreed to, and confirm'd all our Villanies, if they had not been overpowered by the Damned Whiggs, as they call them. *I* design'd to have hang'd all them sad Fellows in one Year more, but the Scene is changed. Oh! the *Church*, all that *I* fear is, they will abuse the Church. You know *I* can easily forgoe all my Temporal Interests; but the *Church*, the *Church*, is my Concern.

cern. I wiſh the Cry be not grown ſtale; it ſerv'd us bravely for Four or Five Years. Prithee *Franck* exert your ſelf, ſtir up all the Ruby Faces of your Fraternity; bid them cry aloud: What will it ſignifie if half a Score of them be hang'd, there is enow of them; but *I* leave it to you. *I* am weary of Writing. *I* will get a Wench and a Bottle to Regale with; ſo dear *Franck* farewell.

*F I N I S.*